

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.



A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME V.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

By W. Pearsley, Bolt Court;

AND SOLD BY J. AND W. ARCH, CORNHILL; AND
E. LLOYD, HARLEY STREET.

1804.



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EPISTLE
TO
DR. ARBUTHNOT:
BEING
THE PROLOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS
EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of verses to the imitator of Horace, and of an epistle to a doctor of divinity from a nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a true information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most de-

sirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.



Designed by W. Simpson

Engraved by J. Warren



EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said;

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt

All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,

They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.

No place is sacred, not the church is free,

E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:

Then from the Mint walks forth the maa of rhyme,

Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
 Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, ■ fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your peace nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
'I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace,
I want ■ patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me—'But here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'

If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath, I'll print it,

■ And shame the fools—your int'rest, sir, with Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks;
 At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
 'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and ■ king)
 His very minister who spy'd them first
 (Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous
 things;

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing.—*P.* Nothing! if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that *he's* an ass:
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
 'Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst ■ bursting world.
 Who shames ■ scribbler? break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
 His butchers Henley? his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
 Still Sappho.—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll
 offend.

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But focs like these.—*P.* One flatt'rer's worse than
 all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the slaver kills and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects ■ bribe,
 And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'

There are who to my person pay their court:
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short;
 Annon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and 'Sir! you have an eye—'
 Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
 The muse but serv'd to ease ■■■ friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man ■ dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis' rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint,

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong I smil'd, if right I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere ■ sin to rob them of their mite,
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds,
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
 Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
 E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines ■
 year;

He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about ■ meaning;
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose
 fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint ■ fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh if such ■ man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like ■ puppy daggled through the town
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;

Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud ■ Apollo on his forked hill
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ate;
 Till grown mote frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some ■ dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve;
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds ■ whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunc by dunc be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great! for these they take away,
 And those they left me—for they left me Gay;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh! let ■■ live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
 Above ■ patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without ■ poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why ■■■ I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, ■■ soul to save?

‘ I found him close with Swift’ — ‘ Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.’

’Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

‘ No, such ■ genius never can lie still;’

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first lampoon sir Will. or Bubo makes.

Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,

When ev’ry coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe’er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,

Or from the soft-ey’d virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour’s peace,

Insults fall’n worth, or beauty in distress,

Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a libel, or who copies out;

That fop whose pride affects a patron’s name,

Yet absent wounds an author’s honest fame;

Who can your merit selfishly approve,

And show the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,

Yet wants the honour, injur’d, to defend;

Who tells whate’er you think, whate’er you say,

And, if he lie not, must at least betray;

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at Canons what ~~was~~ never there;
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
 A lash like mine no honest ~~man~~ shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of
 silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel!
 Who breaks ■ butterfly upon ■ wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
 His wit all see-saw between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile, be one poet's praise,
 That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways;
 That flatt'ry, e'en to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or-fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shapê;
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome e'en the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to ■■■ in ev'ry state;
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
 This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;
 Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,

Nor marrying discord in ■ noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,

The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,

Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,

No language but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise,

Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise;

His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,

His death was instant and without a groan.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend ■ mother's breath,

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!

On ■■■ like these, if length of days attend,
May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just ■ rich as when he serv'd a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heav'n.

SATIRES, EPISTLES,
AND
ODES OF HORACE,
IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. **HOR.**

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these imitations was the clamour raised on some of my epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a christian may treat vice or folly, in ~~ever~~ ^{never} so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the earl of Oxford, while he was lord treasurer, and of the duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to en-

courage, the mistaking a satirist for ■ libeller;
 whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as
 a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly
 virtuous nothing is so hateful as ■ hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my satire ~~is~~ too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by Nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to council learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seem tedious—take a wife:

Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip-wine: *probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
 You'll gain at least ■ knighthood or the bays.

P. What? like sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce,
 With* arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd
 the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ■■■ asunder,
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
 Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your muse's softer art display,
 Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
 Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year;
 And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
 It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all taste, blasphemc quadrille,

Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
E'en those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is ■ score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie:
Riddotta sips and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance ■ fast as she:
F. . loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself ■ plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next;

My foes shall wish my life ■ longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 Verseman or proseman, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
 Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in ■ rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page:
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels;
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick; but hug;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long;
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testors now to take your life.

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded-car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;

Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
 Could laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
 To virtue only and her friends ■ friend,
 The world beside may murmur or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep:
 There my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
 And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
 Or tames the génius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own I live among the great
 No pimp of pleasure, and ■ spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This all who know ■ know, who love me tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
 This is my plea, on this I rest my ■■■■■
 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have ■ care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
 See libels, satires—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
 But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
 Such as sir Robert would approve—*F.* Indeed!
 The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:
 In such ■ cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, ■■■ not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

' Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn ■ homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd);
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach ■ I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose ■ pheasant still before a hen;

Yet hens of Guinea full ■ good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
 Cries, "Send me, gods! ■ whole hog barbecu'd!"
 O blast it, south-winds! till a ~~stagnant~~ exhale.
 Rank ■ the ripeness of ■ rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich ~~feast concludes~~ extremely poor.
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!
 The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till baccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
 Let me extol ■ cat on oysters fed;
 I'll have ■ party at the Bedford-head:

Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies ■ mean;
 Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her ■ bitch)
 Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine:
 But on some lucky day (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that;
 Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
 First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and friend guest
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
 What life in all that ample body say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
 The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
 How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
 How coming to the poet ev'ry rhyme!
 Not but we may exceed some holy time,
 Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme:
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
 And more the sickness of long life, old age:
 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had ■ nose.
 Not so: ■ buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

'Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
 That sweetest music to an honest ear,
 (For 'faith, lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right," cries his lordship; "for ■ rogue in need
 To have a taste is insolence indeed:
 In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent*.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"

'Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love would imitate the man.
In South-sea days, not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddie here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;

But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no turbot dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
own:

From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall,
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
place),

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).

■ Pray heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 I wish to God this house had been your own!
 Pity! to build without ■ son or wife:
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.'
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
 Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,
 Or in a jointure vanish from the heir;
 Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, 'My father's damn'd, and all's my own.'
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord;
 And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.
 Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.
IMITATED.

*The first part imitated in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift; the
latter part added afterwards.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
▪ But here ■ grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

‘ If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,

As thus: Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
 To grant me this and t'other acre;
 Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plough to find a treasure;
 But only what my station fits,
 And to be kept in my right wits.
 Preserve, almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence;
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose,
 Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent,
 Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown;
 ' Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
 Send for him up; take no excuse.'

The toil, the danger, of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pounds,
 No matter where the money's found,

It is but so much ~~more~~ in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

‘ Good Mr. Deán, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town.'
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chèquer'd with ribbons blue and green :
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes ■ thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
‘ I thought the dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
‘ So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke.'
I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get ■ whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his cāse—
That begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone.'—
'The duke expects my lord and you
About some great affair at two.'—
▪ Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request.'—
'Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:'.—
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chāt,
And question me of this and that;

As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the wind?'

'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country-signs;

Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day

From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'

Such tattle often entertains

My lord and me as far as Staines,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell

Because they see me us'd so well.

'How think you of our friend the dean?

I wonder what some people mean;

My lord and he are grown so great,

Always together *tête à tête*.

What! they admire him for his jokes—

See but the fortune of ~~some~~ folks!'

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court;

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

‘ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
Inform us, will the emp’ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?’

‘ Faith, sir, you know ■ much as I.’

‘ Ah! doctor, how you love to jest!

’Tis now no secret.’ ‘ I protest

’Tis one to me.’—‘ Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?’
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz’d, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noon! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,

The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum;
 Each willing to be 'pleas'd, and please,
 And e'en the very dogs at ease!
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses;
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn;
 Which is the happier or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth or our own ends?
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à-propos*:
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Onoe on a time (so ~~in~~ the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Recciv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might ■ lord.

A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
 Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, ' I vow you're mighty neat:
 But, lord, my friend, this savage scene!
 For God's sake come and live with men:
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I;
 Then spend your life in joy and sport
 (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court).

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn

(’Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late).

Behold the place where if a poet
Shin’d in description he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
‘*Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*
That jelly’s rich, this Malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.’
Was ever such ■ happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
‘I’m quite asham’d—’tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all’s so good—

I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live.
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 ‘A rat, a rat! clap to the door’—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the art of Homer’s mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice!
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn’d stucco has no chink)
 ‘An’t please your honour,’ quoth the peasant,
 ‘This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my holly tree,
 A crust of bread and liberty!’

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

IMITATED.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah! let me hide my age:
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our gen'als now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding e'en in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
▪ Friend Pope! be prudent, let your muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore, on ■ lord mayor's horse.'

Farewell then verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;

What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all:
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
 Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, and ■ warm as true:
 Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long as to him who works for debt the day,
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
 So slow th' unprofitable moments roll
 That lock up all the functions of my soul,
 That keep me from myself, and still delay
 Life's instant bus'ness to a future day;

That task which, 'as we follow or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late ■ it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort not to be ■ fool.
 Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
 With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
 Know there are words and spells which can controul,
 Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
 Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh ap-
 ply'd,
 Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to ■ wife, or vassal to ■ punk,
 A Switz, a High-Dutch or ■ Low-Dutch bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
 And the first wisdom to be fool ■ more:
 But to the world no bugbear is so great
 As want of figure and a small estate.
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here wisdom calls, ' Seek virtue first, be bold!
 As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'
 There London's voice, ' Get money, money still!
 And then let virtue follow if she will.'
 This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth, abounds;
 ' Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard ! thou art 'a cit, with all thy worth ;
But Bug and D*l, their honours ! and so forth.

Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
' Virtue, brave boys ! 'tis virtue makes ■ king.'
True conscious honour is to feel no sin ;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within :
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass ;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song ?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers ?
Who counsels best ? who whispers, ' Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate ;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.'
For what ? to have ■ box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or he who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through,
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too ?

If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
 If honest S**z take scandal at a spark
 That less admires the palace than the park;
 Faith I shall give the answer reynard gave:
 'I cannot like, dread sir! your royal cave;
 Because I see, by all the tracts about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
 Adieu to virtue if you're once ■ slave:
 Send her-to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
 The people are ■ many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of *ten per cent.*
 In dirt and darkness hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone;
 But shew **■** one, who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself **■** an hour.
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 ' No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!
 Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
 Now let some whimsey, or that dev'l within
 Which guides all those who know not what they
 mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
 ' Away; away! take all your scaffolds down,
 For Snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town.'

At am'rous Flávio is the stocking thrown?
 That very night he long'd to lie alone.
 The fool whose wife elopes some thrice **■** quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies **■** martyr.
 Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves **■** strangely **■** the rich?
 Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
 They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer **■** new japanner to their shoes,

Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
 They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.

You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
 But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
 You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor once to chanc'ry nor to Hale apply,
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree,
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;

Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home though exil'd; free though in the Tow'r;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king;
Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demigod.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VI.

IMITATED:

TO MR. MURRAY.

▪ Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of
speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak ■ thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
 In either case believe me we admire:
 Whether we joy or grieve, the ■■■ the curse,
 Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
 For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is ■ saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming di'monds and reflected plate;
 Procure a taste to double the surprise,
 And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
 Be struck with bright brocade or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
 From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For fame, for riches, for ■ noble wife?
 Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspir'd

Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
 Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
 The greatest can but blaze and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art with 'all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
 Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone?
 See Ward, by batter'd beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease;
 There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
 Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,

Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
 Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
 Advance the golden mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
 Add fifty more, and bring it to ■ square:
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
 A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me many a German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three ladies like ■ luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word you must be rich indeed:
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
 Something which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest.
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consists the joy;
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
 To do the honours, and to give the word;
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
 ' This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
 That makes three members, this can choose ■ may'r.'
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd treat,
 If to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey:
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
 Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound,
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
 K...l's lewd cargo, or Ty...y's crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
 Or for a titled punk or foreign flame
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely *Five la bagatelle!*
 The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;
 Or better precepts if you can impart;
 Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED

IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'erals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place?
And ■ thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

‘The dog-days are no more the case.’

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,

And you shall see the first warm weather
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow,
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just ■ ■ Scotsman does his plums.
■ Pray take them, sir—enough's ■ feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore:
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear:

I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution,
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
 Th' engaging smile, the gaiety
 That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one,
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to slink
 In at a corn-loft through a chink,
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in;
 Which one belonging to the house
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cry'd, ' You 'scape not so;
 Lean ■ you came, sir, you must go.'

Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation,
 Nor one that temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-sea subscriptions take who please,
 Leave me but liberty and ease.

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My bread and independency!
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And liv'd—just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low;
 There died my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

'Harley, the nation's great support'—
 But you may read it, I stop short.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough, to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all, but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admoncbat prætores, ne pa-*

terentur nomen ■■■■ *obsolefieri*, &c; the other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by ■ view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and con-

cludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main,
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse, from such ■ monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, ■ more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,
Clos'd their long glories with ■ sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:

Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame;
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
 As heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest;
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear ■ they grow old;
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
 One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 He swears the muses met him ■ the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
 In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance, as well;
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine?
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
 Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British bards began t' immortalize?

' Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
 I hold that wit a classic good in law.'

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once
 At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?

' We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 By courtesy of England he may do.'

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,

And estimating authors by the year,

Bestow ■ garland only ■■ a bier.

Shakspeare (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,

And grew immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed

The life to come in ev'ry poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,

His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:

Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,

But still I love the language of his heart.

‘ Yet surely, surely these were famous men!

What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?

In all debates where critics bear a part,

Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

Of Shakspeare's nature and of Cowley's wit;

How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher

writ;

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;

But for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe!

These, only these, support the crowded stage,

From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.’

All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
 To Gammer Gurten if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
 But let them own that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;
 Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
 Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
 In quibbles angel and archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.
 Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanics o'er)
 One simile that solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro' many a
page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new ;

While if our elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,

If I but ask if any weed can grow?

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,

Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,

(Though but perhaps a master-roll of names)

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,

And swear all shame is lost in George's age !

You'd think our fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave examples yet remain,

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,

And having once been wrong will be so still:

He who to seem more deep than you or I

Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophesy,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,

And to debase the sons exalts the sires.

Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
 In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
 ' All by the king's example liv'd and lov'd.'
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel,
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
 And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing muses were debauch'd at court;
 On each enervat^d string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;

Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from ■ noble cause.

Time was ■ sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold,
And place on good security his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is ■ song.
I, who so oft renounce the muses' lie,
Not 's self e'er tells more fibs than I.
When sick of muse our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his drop;

E'en Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world should smile)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 'All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect; the mischief is not great;
 These madmen never hurt the church or state:
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
 And knows no losses while his muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend or ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
 And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?

What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king;
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
 No whiter page than Addison remains:
 He from the taste obscene reclaim's our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart.
 Let Ireland tell how ~~it~~ upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws,
 And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
 'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;

The boys and girls whom charity maintains
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could devotion touch the country pews
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, versé assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
 And heav'n is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
 Ease of their toil and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew.
 But times corrupt and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
 At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
 Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
 We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
 Britain to soft refinements le's a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine;
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein,
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone;

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
 E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
 The humbler muse of comedy require.

But in known images of life I guess
 The labour greater as th' indulgence less.

Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed:

Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?

What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!

How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!

The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,

Who fairly puts all characters to bed!

And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,

To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!

But fill their purse our poet's work is done,

Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,

For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Farewell the stage! if just ■ thrives the play
The silly bards grow fat or fall away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords:
(Taste? that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse;
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;

While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
 Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
 Such is the shout, the long-~~ap~~-lauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!

'But has he spoken?' not ■ syllable.

'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'
 Cato's long wig, flow'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' ~~in~~struct the times,
 To know the poet ~~from~~ the man of rhymes:
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 Enrage, ~~compose~~, with more than magic art,
 With pity and with terror tear my heart,
 And snatch me over the earth, or through the air,
 To ~~Thebes~~, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone deserves the favour of the great.

Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a library with wit,
 When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

My liege! why writers little claim your thought
 I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
 The season when to come, and when to go,
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
 Repeat unask'd; lament the wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line:
 But most when straining with too weak a wing
 We needs will write epistles to the king;
 And from the moment we oblige the town,
 Expect a place or pension from the crown;
 Or, dubb'd historians, by express command,
 'T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known:
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear
'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse the manners and the mind.
O! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!

How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep,
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas! your majesty disdains:
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules;
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness; and, if lies,
 'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.'
 Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

IMITATED.

DEAR col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse; take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—' This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son, I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholst'rer; what you please:
A perfect genius at an op'ra song—
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
But, sir, to you with what would I not part?
Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal.'

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd in a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.

'Prodigious well!' his great commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
 'Go on, my friend,' he cry'd, 'see yonder walls!
 Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.'
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 'D'ye think me, noble gen'ral! such a sot?
 Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad
 The better art, to know the good from bad;
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove)
 But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
 And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust,
 Deny'd all post of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
 While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;

And me the muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a papist he, and I ■ poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes
 If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme :
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But, after all, what would you have me do,
 When out of twenty I can please not two ?
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg :
 Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests !

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place ?

Who there his muse, or self, or soul, attends,
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:

A poet begs me I will hear him read.

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—

At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—

Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—

There's ■ rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—

'Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,

And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'

Not quite so well, however, as one ought;

A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,

Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?

And peers give way, exalted as they are,

E'en to their own s-r-v-rence in a car?

Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd

Sing thy sonorous ~~verse~~—but not aloud.

Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run

To ease and silence ev'ry muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd be-
 fore?

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks an object new, beneath the sun!
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city, roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
 Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
 With equal talents these congenial souls,
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would ~~make~~ you split,
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.
 ' 'Twas, sir, your law'—and ' sir, your eloquence,'
 ' Your's Cowper's manner—and your's Talbot's sense.'

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
 Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
 No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
 ' My dear Tibullus!' if that will not do,
 ' Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
 To court applause by printing what I write:
 But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose ~~that~~ you hold your tongue,
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such verse as we can read?

Their ~~most~~ strict judges, not ■ word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay, though at court³ (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where ■ bold expressive phrase appears,
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English ages hence;
 (For use will father what's begot by sense)
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line;
 Then polish all with so much life and ease
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
 ' But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'
 If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd *in primò Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small 'fool', a lord;
 Who, though the house ~~was~~ up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:

In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
 And much too wise to ~~y~~alk into ■ well.
 Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
 'My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!
 That from ■ patriot of distinguish'd note
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.'

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull:
 I'll e'en leave verses ~~to~~ the boys at school:
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:

If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
'Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's your's on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:

Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou
have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids, appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll
find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ■■■ to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosv'nor's mines:

Why one, like Bu**, with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on in court and parliament;
 One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
 Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
 That God of nature, who, within us still,
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will.
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place;
 But sure no statute in his favour says
 How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
 I who at some times spend, at others spare,
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,
 Another not to heed to treasure more,
 Glad like a boy to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not?

The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

▪ But why all this of av'rice? I have none.
 I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone:
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the ava'rice of pow'r?
 Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness done,
 When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill.
Walk sober off, before ■ sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne,
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms,
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires;
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend:
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.

Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
 There ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire:
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear,
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended dream;

Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the mall,
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

Ô·D·E
ON
ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
[1708]

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.



Portrait of a woman

Portrait of a woman

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now ~~louder~~, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main:
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,

Inflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
 See, shady forms advance!

Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance;
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V. —

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
 By the youths that died for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's pray'r:
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Though fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,

And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

*Written when the Author was about
twelve years old.*

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day :

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

TWO CHORUSES
TO
THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:
 See arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

*CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.**SEMICHORUS.*

O tyrant love! hast thou possest
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire
 Which nature hath imprest?

Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.

But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tye,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys ■ one attend,
 As son, ■ father, brother, husband, friend!
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move!
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND LORD MORTIMER.^a

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And' pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claim, the dead ■ tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;

^a Sent to the earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems, published by our author after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis ■ soul like thine;
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made,
 The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
 When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
 She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 E'en now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays:
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
 Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE II.

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ. SECRETARY OF STATE,

1720.

A SOUL, as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not e'en of me:
The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S
ART OF PAINTING.^b

THIS verse be thine, my friend! nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face;
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.

^b This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art!
 How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
 Something to blame, and something to commend
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
 With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade.
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small well-polish'd gem, the work of ^c years!
 Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
 Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flow'r, that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
 And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;

^c Fresnoy employed above 20 years in finishing his poem.

Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O! lasting as those colours may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul,
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE, 1717.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem;
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
E'en rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:

The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place.
Critics in wit or life are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is ■ vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst;
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:

Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
 Ah! quit not the free innocence of life
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
 Nor let false shews nor empty titles please:
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders' mares,
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched, thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
 She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
 Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
 A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;

This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care^d still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:
By this e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost;
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

^d Mademoiselle Paulet.

EPISTLE V.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION,
1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half ■ tune, tell stories to the squire;
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
 Whose game is whist, whose treat ■ toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
 Then gives ■ smacking buss, and cries—no words!
 Or with his hounds comes hallowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green:
 Before you pass th' imaginary sights
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headaches or the want of rhyme)

Stands in the streets abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight,
Vext to be still in town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. ■■■■ MOORE,

AUTHOR OF ~~THE~~ CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is ■ very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is ■ slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd ■ glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
 That flutter for ■ day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in ■ worm decay.

The flatterer ■ ear-wig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou couldst make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

O! be thou bless'd with all that heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and ■ friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like ■ sieve let ev'ry blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some sad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace, ■
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, ■ trouble, or ■ fear;
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in ■ life to come.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. T. SOUTHERN, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has ■■■
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with ■ cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although ■ bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

Card. THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.

Smil. Ah, madam! since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning
fair.

Card. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains:
As you by love, so I by fortune crost;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with
mine?

With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

Card. A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs' thrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

Smil. See Betty Lovet! very *à-propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft the pain of each has tried;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

Lov. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

Card. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See ■ the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does ■ the scissars shine,
The metal and the workmanship divine.

Smil. This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharp-
er's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;

At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
 Then first his passion was in public shown :
 Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine,
 This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

Card. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
 And, oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
 In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
 Though my own secret wish was for the knave:
 The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
 And the next pull my septleva I lose.

Smil. But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs ~~me~~ to the heart;
 This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An awkward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red;

I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
 And by my int'rest Cozens made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch! 'with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
 When Winnall tallied I would punt no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

Smil. How many maids have Sharper's vows
 deceiv'd?
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
 Ah! what is warning to ■ maid in love?

Card. But of what marble must that breast be
 form'd,
 To gaze on Basset and remain unwarm'd?
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain;
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye:
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.

Look upon basset, you who reason boast,
And ■ if reason must not there be lost.

Smil. What more than marble must that heart
compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves—I whisper to myself, He loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boast;
For such ■ moment prudence well were lost.

Card. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies
play,
Some dukes at Marybonne bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares?

Smil. Soft Simplicita dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong ■ the footman, ■ the master sweet.

Lox. Cease your contention, which has been
too long;

I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit ■ auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
' There take, (says Justice) take ye each ■ shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
—'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu.'

A N S W E R

■ THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF
MRS. HOWE.

W H A T is prud'ry?

'Tis ■ beldam,

Seen with wit and beauty seldom.

'Tis ■ fear that starts at shadows;

'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.

'Tis ■ virgin hard of feature,

Old, and void of all good nature;

Lean and fretful; would seem wise,

Yet plays the fool before she dies.

'Tis an ugly envious shrew,

That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED ■

SOME VERSES

OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough, at length thy labour ends,

And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,

Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;

This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And ■ and malice from this hour are friends.

A
 PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733,

WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS,
 A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many ■ Vandal slain,
 Lay fortune-struck, ■ spectacle of woe!
 Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
 Was there ■ gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
 But pity'd Belisarius old and blind?
 Was there ■ chief but melted at the sight?
 A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
 Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;

A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought ■ poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele:
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.

Set up with these he ventur'd on the town,
 And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stop'd short, nor since has writ ■ tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little;
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

'So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
 'Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
 Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
 Thought wond'rous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
 In ■ translated suit then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins and patches not her own;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan:
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions:
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair discretion! string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

v.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

vi.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

vii.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

viii.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to fate.

ON
A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend:

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

‘Has she not faults then (envy says), sir?’
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES,
AND MINERALS.

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent
wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shady cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! th'Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through March-
mont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.

EPITAPHS.

**His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!**

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.^a

^a Dr. Johnson's criticism on the Epitaphs, which follows the above introductory remarks, is added ■ the text, instead of being printed at the end of the Life, for the ■ mentioned in our advertisement.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died;
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendship and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

THE first distich of this epitaph contains ■
kind of information which few would want, that
the man for whom the tomb ■■ erected *died*.

There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by *judge of nature*, is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is in vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art*; nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is ■ high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satirist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided; and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the n^o uses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether ■ courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was ■

very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor ■ commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in ■ serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Blest peer!

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connection with his peerage: they might happen to any other man, whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the ■ entombed.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III.

WHO, HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT
AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A PLEASING form, ■ firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent, constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet ■ zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

IN this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, ■ fault which I think scarcely any beauty ■■ compensate. The name is omitted. The end of ■■ epitaph is to convey

■■■■ account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose ■■■■ is concealed? An epitaph, and ■ history of ■ nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either ■■■ scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between ■■ honest courtier and ■ patriot; for an honest courtier cannot but be a patriot.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too*: every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor ■■■ this rule be safely neglected, except where the

length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connection with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the ~~man~~ described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator^b who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetic; but why should Trumbal be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

■ Major Bernardi; who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736. See Gent. Mag. vol. l. p. 125. N.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,
ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT,
AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT,
OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

THIS epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ■ DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd;
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

THE lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is ■ redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is

superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title and lost no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for, no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, or any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

■ WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath ■ rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

OF this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *Peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests ■ woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
 No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried,
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

I HAVE always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the

vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it ■■■ fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from common places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained ■■■ unnatural and incredible panegyrick. Of this let the ladies judge.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE
HON. R. DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,
IN THE CHURCH OF ■■■■■■ DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
Go live! for heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then; where only bliss sincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys forgive our grief:
 These little rites, ■ stone, ■ verse, receive;
 'Tis all a father, all ■ friend, ■■ give!

THIS epitaph contains of the brother only ■ general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for, the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to ■ thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyrick, that there is inclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive,

oblige a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs, which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays*; and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest, mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
 O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops ■ tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

■

THE epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common-places, though somewhat diversified by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of ■ profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our lan-

guage; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of the sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of ■ courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS, 1730.

'THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies ■ honest man;
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;

Eye to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

THE first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man, simplicity ■ child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ~~e'en~~ among the great;
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—' Here lies Gay!'

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of ■ poet is proportionate to his labour. The ■■■■ observation may be ex-

tended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be above temptation in poverty, and free

from corruption among the Great, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a safe companion is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive; and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS,

QUÆM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CÆLUM:

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, ' Let Newton be!' and all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,
WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately
after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. YEs, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we
part!

May heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, heav'n!'—he said, and
died.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,

1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd;
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

THIS epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection* is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round,*

is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaick. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible "Dialogue" between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead.

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new; even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines:

Ludovici Areosti humanantur ossa
 Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
 Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
 Sive hæredæ benignior comes, seu
 Opportunius incidens Viator :
 Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
 Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
 Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
 Vivens ista tamen sibi caravit,
 Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
 Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that
 his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious
 imitator.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN
 WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

XVI.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will,
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

END OF VOL. V.